

The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Composed after a Ball.

See, did I dream? for, lo! entrance'd I stood,
And gazed upon a being not of earth;
No mortal form, no mortal features could
E'er give to such translucent feelings birth—
Feelings that were not away'd by the surrounding mirth.

Her airy steps were such as fancy tells,
None but inhabitants of that best clime,
Where beauty, free from aught of bluish dells,
Dearest lives—not feels the hand of Time—
As when they sport amid the flowing graves of time.

Her eye was far more dazzling than the beam
Reflected from the polished diamond's side,
As pure, and splendid as the rays that gleam
In the broad heaven, at glowing evening tide,
When thus she seems to descend to greet his ocean-bride.

The rose that blooms in Arab's spicy groves,
Gleams beneath an eastern maiden's eye,
Or down, to rest upon the peach that loves,
Whose vermeil-colour would as Eve enslave,
Nigh not with her soft cheeks, or ruby lips compare.

Her smile—oh! ah! impossible and vain,
That smile's delicious magic to express;
Language is too imperfect, to explain
The mingled wave of hope, joy, pride, distress,
That when it beams on me, my bosom did confess.

Oh! it was bland as April's gentlest sigh:
Mild as an angel's gaze waiting perfume;
It seem'd an iris bright from heaven on high,
Soit down, this earth so distant to illumine,
As the pristine days their glories would resume.

And when she spoke, oh! how those dulcet tones
Their thrill'ng power imparted to my soul,
Melodious more than nightingale that moans,
Or the gay lark soaring without control;
As all the feather'd race from India to the Pole.

More, methinks, as by enchantment bound,
Shook my unconscious, undisturbing frame,
While my rapt ear devoured each scrap-sound
That from those virgin lips harmonious came,
And I, within my breast, kindled his silent flame.

GANEM.

THE SLUMBERING NYMPH.

O, come my love! the evening star
Gleams like pearl in the purple wave,
And the western wendwain's twinkling eye,
To light the mermaid's coral cave—
And the gentle breeze may not wake
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

O, come my love! the "nodding flowers"
Are shedding round their sweetest bloom,
And the tears of night in gentle showers,
Unward, distill at this hour of calm,
Their falling, will not, cannot wake,
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

O, come! the shade thou needest not fear
Of pine-trees on the murmuring tide;
The moon ere long will gladden here,
"Till then, my trust thy faithful guide—
The sighing pine-trees will not wake,
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

O, come with me! thy harp's enchant
Will bear us, "death-heaven's tears and smiles,
Your peaceful waters, safely through,
Unto our loved and lovely isles:
So soft we'll glide, it cannot wake,
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

And well thou knowest the green-wood lower,
Where jessamine and wild rose cling;
And our sweet bird at this dear hour,
Its vesper song will sweetly ring,
Nor will its gentle warblings wake,
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

O, let thy soft lute's heavenly notes,
Commingle with the wild bird's song;
And as the music upward floats,
"Till haply hear our prayers along!
Fear not my love, thou wilt not wake,
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

Come love! this is an hour of bliss
To mortals, kindly, freely given;
And earth's dull round of cares
Is lost in thoughts of Love and Heaven!
And love's soft accents will not wake,
The slumbering nymph of the Spirit Lake!

ROSA.

SUNNET.

On seeing a leaf fall from a tree on a beautiful spring-like day, in February, 1835.

Sad little relic of departed bloom!
Thou hast, low hinger on thy native tree,
Could not the blast of Autumn bid thee flee?
Nor the wild howlings thro' the winter's gloom?
No—faithful still, tho' wither'd, dead and cold,
You linger'd, like the memory of bliss—
And had not till the spring's mild vernal kiss,
Told that her stalk would soon new buds unfold.

Oh! thus, when with the Autumn blasts of grief,
Our pleasures, and our hopes, and friends have fled—
Each like a summer bird or summer leaf,
And the cold hand seems comfortless and dead,
Heav'n grant some friend, that will not then depart,
But linger still to cheer the "winter of the heart."

LINDEN.

STANZAS.

Farewell—yet still when absent eve,
O'er twilight shade shall dwell,
The sombre clouds which intervene,
With heaven's refulgent glow—
When thou, upon those chrysalis lights,
That decorate the skies,
Shall gaze and bless such splendid sights
As meet thy wandering eyes!

Oh! then let memory's moonlight sea,
Swell with one gentle thought of me,
Thou' fate has marr'd the golden dreams,
That bless our youthful day—
Thou' fortune's smile, but dimly beams
Across our worldly way—
Thou' distance must divide our hearts,
That thro' with feeling's well—

Still as the tear-drop duly starts,
As though we sigh farewell,
Oh! still when I am far from thee,
Give me dear thought to love and me.

Should sorrow in misfortune's hour,
Around thy soul entwine,
Oh! dim its influence, its power,
Now let thy heart incline

To sadness—for 'twould grieve my soul,
To think thou didst repine;
When hours of joy to us may rail,
And I yet call thee mine!

Oh! then, though we shall parted be,
Still, still, my love, remember me. — R. M.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are minds that receive no pleasure
In contemplating the minor works of nature;
but are continually seeking their enjoyment
in the more obvious, and striking displays
of creative wisdom.

Who landscape to please, we have prominent domes,
A mountain on fire, or an ocean in storm;
Such as quick to the heart may its grandeur convey;
Like the light of the eagle that darts on its prey.

But oh! know ye me, that the hour when at rest,
Has as much of the element under its breast,
As when in a tempest, the stormy waves break
From its bosom, and flatter their white wings in air.

Or think ye to me, that the hour when at rest,
Has as much of the element under its breast,
As when in a tempest, the stormy waves break
From its bosom, and flatter their white wings in air.

But we can derive sincere pleasure from
the inspection of minute objects—and it is
possible to trace the hand of Almighty wisdom
in small things equally with the sublime
and wonderful—a leaf or flower, "unnoticed
and unknown," I have found matter for ad-
miration and gratitude, and sufficiently won-
drous in its structure, and progress from the
first germ until it expanded into perfect bloom

—to exercise all my powers of thought and
reason, I have watched the fair clouds bluish-
ing in the bright beam of morning, glowing
with imitable glory in the rays of the set-
ting sun—piled high in the dark vault of
heaven, now dark as chaos, now illuminated
with electric fire—and hurrying through the
atmosphere, driven by the fierce winds—

I have gazed in the stillness of midnight, on
the stars in the firmament, till I have forgot
my existence here, and fancied my place of
abode was amongst those brilliant gems of
ether—the quiet stream, in its calm, noiseless
flow, has afforded me joy—the melody of the
sweet songsters of nature, has soothed and
enchanted my soul—the mingled shade and
sunshine of the forest, created sensations of
gladness; even the "breath of the gale" pass-
ed not by me unmolested. In all these there
is nothing to excite transport—to amaze the
soul, or draw it from tranquil meditation—
there is naught of novelty either; they occur
daily, hourly, and may be seen by all; yet this
does not diminish their beauty, fragrant, or
melodious; nor will we grow weary with listen-
ing or gazing—no—the more we examine,
the greater satisfaction we feel; and often,
very often, we are taught, "to look through
nature up to Nature's God." How widely
they roam from the path of true happiness,
who seek it in wealth, in pride, or in ambi-
tion—contentment is the most durable trea-
sure—it is, indeed, a "pearl of great price,"
and those who would obtain it must sell all
they have of envy, pride, ambition, and the
train of endless desires which the mind is
prone to nourish! The human soul is so
formed that it can enjoy much or little, ac-
cording to the situation it is placed in.—It
derives satisfaction, pleasure and profit, in
wandering over the earth, from beholding
the various productions of nature, and the
monuments of art—and it is also pleased with
a single flower, a stone, or a tree: It would,
therefore, be wisdom in us to enjoy to the
utmost, those comforts within our reach, in-
stead of spending our time and thoughts in
idle and fruitless wishes for something we
have not—we should, like a miser hoarding
riches, let nothing escape us, from which we
could reap benefit—and thus like him, our
stock would accumulate, and yield even to
an hundred fold!

"Seize mortals, seize the present hour,
"Improve each moment as it flies;
"Life's a short summer—Man a flower—
"He dies—alas! how soon he dies!"

MARTHA.

any one. He has no particular appearance—
no stated time—no peculiar form, but he comes
unawares, unexpected, and when he is least
thought of. He is an intruder that comes un-
invited and unsummoned. He plucks from an-
society some of its brightest ornaments and most
useful characters, regardless of their worth or
benefit. If we look around us, we will behold
those who a short time ago shone in all the
loveliness of youth and beauty—whose vivac-
ity and gaiety of disposition enlivened and
cheered every company in which they mingled—
whose wit and urbanity of manners imparted
mirth and pleasure and delight to those
with whom they associated—whose kindness
and affection spread a happiness through their
families—whose benevolence and charity often
dispelled misfortune's gloom, hushed the hear-
ing sigh of the widow, and dried up the briny
tear from the orphan's cheek. But where are
they now—they are clasped in the cold
embrace of death—they have deserted the
paths of men, and have descended to the dark
and gloomy habitations of the dead. Those
eyes that once beamed with brightness and
love, are now dim and sightless—those cheeks
that once glowed with animation and vigour,
are now pale and ashen—those ears that were
never closed to the cries of distress or sadness,
are now deaf to all worldly sounds—those lips
from which often fell those soft effusions of
compassion and sympathy, which characterize
the Christian, are now cold and livid; their
forms are no longer seen in this passing world.

—They have returned to their native clay.—
Death is an invincible conqueror. No force,
however strong, can withstand his approach.
He stalks along in open defiance of strength
or power, slaying all that comes in his way,
showing no favour nor respect to persons.

The young as well as the old—the beautiful as
well as the homely—the strong as well as the
weak—the brave as well as the dastardly—the
great as well as the humble—the king as well
as the beggar, falls equally beneath his un-
merciful and immutable sentence. He enters
into the habitation of the contented, though
poor cottager, and, with one ungenerous
sweep, carries away what little happiness was
there enjoyed, substituting therefor mourn-
ing and tears. That joy and delight and plea-
sure which once dwelt there is fled, and grief
and sorrow and affliction have taken their
place. If we take a view through the vista of
gone by generations, and ask ourselves where
are those eminent men whose deeds we so much
admire, who have thrown so much light and
instruction on the world, and to whose opinions
so much deference and respect was and is
paid, our reason will answer—they are dead—
they have long since sunk into the dreary
dust—they have long ago returned to that
dust from whence they originated; all that was
mental of them has reverted to its pristine
chaos. To reflect on death is unpleasant, but
if indulged frequently it may be conducive of
a great deal of good. It will inevitably bring
us to a contemplation of the mutability of
all things earthly—of the fleeting and transient
possession of all human happiness, and of the
necessity and paramount importance of attend-
ing more particularly to things which belong
to another and far superior world. It will
have a tendency to raise our thoughts above
this mundane sphere, and to direct them to
those regions above, where alone true and real
and genuine happiness and pleasure dwell—where
none of the cares or troubles of this life find
admission—where sorrow is unknown, and
bliss is enjoyed—where death cannot find ac-
cess to mar or interrupt the indescribable
delight experienced there. Frequent medita-
tions on death contribute to wean and estrange
our affections from the nothingness of this
world, and to place them on objects more de-
serving of our esteem. It will bring us to the
recollection of what we are, from whence we
spring, for what we are destined—it will re-
call to our minds that we are mortals, and as
such, subject to a change—that we originally
came from dust, and consequently must return
to that dust—that we were created to adore
and serve God, faithfully and dutifully, and
that our destination is heaven. If we walk
into a graveyard, and there behold the re-
mains of mortality enshrouded in its native
clay—there behold the inevitable fate of every
human being—there see the end to which all
mankind must come—If we take a view of
the graves of those who were once as we are
now, but who are mouldering and crumbling
to ashes; must we not naturally conclude that
we also must soon be like them—that the race
of our existence must one day or other be
extinguished, and that we must at some
period of time launch upon the immeasurable
and limitless shores of eternity.

DATAMES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Extracted from a series of original Essays, en-
titled INDIAN WRONGS.

He paused, and for a minute I wished him
to renew the theme, although it was pain to
listen to the tale of bloodshed, and horror
which the Indian could recount. For a minute
I was lost in the intensity of feeling—
next, the blood rushed to my heart, from
whence it had receded, as if to efface the
record. But the unaltered cruelties of my
fellow-beings were indelibly stamped upon
my mind.

I had read the account, of our
forefathers, who first colonized upon these
happy shores and, with the historian,
commemorated their hapless destiny when
murdered by the savage warrior; but as of-
ten, yes, and much oftener, has the tale of
feeling turned in favor of the Aborigine, who
driven from his home, from his land, and
as he daily receded, new encroachments
upon the revered graves of his fathers, new
havoc upon his stately forests, until his
grievous, the stranger defied the lion in his den,
and gored him to the combat; yes, then, when
the war trumpet sounded on the shore, the
blowet gleamed, and the bullet whistled
through the air, they were re-echoed from
the forest by the wail of the injured sa-
tive.

Who was there could tell when the Indian
had broke a treaty without a cause? Who
can yet think of his sufferings without a sigh?
Who can yet recount his persecutions without
a tear? We cannot, at this distant period,
think of the sufferings of this unhappy race
without regret, what must have been the
agonized situation of these children of nature,
possessed of the strongest feelings and the
most exalted courage, what must have been
their afflictions, to be driven from their native
homes, from the soil of their fathers, which
they were bound to, by what I might call
a super-human link—for independent of the
veneration attached to the mouldered bone
and hallowed earth where their remains were
interred, they believed their spirits hovered
around unseen guiding their actions, invit-
ing them to war, or bidding them to join

their enemies in smoking the Calumet of
Peace.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee
still," was the expression of a civilized philan-
thropist; yet with his love for his country
and its inhabitants, he saw its faults, he saw
the dark robe of guilt thrown over his native
land, and yet he loved it—For what? It was
his home. And these children of the forest,
were to be driven from their homes, in which
they saw no guilt, sought but purity, and
to look not back upon the bread which they
had planted; nor upon the springs from
which they had drank; nor upon their ham-
lets; nor upon their wives; or upon their
children, (if so, the white man had chosen
them for himself)—lest fire should fall from
Heaven and consume them. And upon whom
were all these favours to be lavished? Upon
an antecedent possessor? Upon the rightful
owners of the soil? Upon immaculate beings?
Upon the children of heaven, who would use
their power with lenity, and increase rather
than diminish their enjoyments? No, it was
not upon such as these—it was upon an in-
vader, an encroacher, who understanding more
perfectly the art of destroying his fellow be-
ings, soon gave the names of many of the
noble tribes that surrounded him to the winds
of Heaven.—It was a hurricane which swept
and scattered them from the eastern shore
of this mighty continent—yet there are lowly
reeds that bow before the storm. There was
a remnant left, and as the tumult hushed,
they reared their heads from amongst the
mighty fallen, and claimed a small part of
their inheritance as their right. They adopt-
ed the manners of their civilized neighbours,
and hoped to break their bread, and drink
the waters of their fountains unmolested by
the foot of the stranger. But it cannot be
Georgia has asked their removal to a bleak
and inhospitable clime; where those who
perish not by want, may die by the hand of
savage warriors. Those Indians, having
adopted the customs of their neighbors, are
to be driven from their homes, to seek an
asylum among the beasts of the forest.

Oh Heaven! look not upon so black a stain
on the escutcheon of my nation be de-
founded by so foul a blot, the vengeance of
Heaven will not always sleep, the cry of the
oppressed rises before the throne of God.

"My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd;
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It cannot feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood, is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LETTER OF OMIGRON.

The unremitting fervors of the summer
sun, whose fierce beams seemed to drink up
the strength of every living thing, forced me
to relinquish a pedestrian journey, and drive
me for refuge into a small grove of forest trees
that skirted the road. There, secure of a con-
tinuing shade, I prepared for passing several
hours, and having stretched my limbs on the
grass, attempted to improve the time by pe-
rusing a volume I had with me. But the effort
to fix my attention was fruitless—the excite-
ment seemed too great, and I soon found myself
gazing earnestly on the intense blue of the
cloudless sky, whose enormous arch seemed
cloudless to immensity the more steadily the eye
strove to discover its apparent limits.

In such a mood, it is not surprising that sur-
rounding objects should hypercritically awaken
associations, and steal one's thoughts away: in
a short time I was launched on an ocean of rap-
idly changing ideas, which were beyond my
direction or control, and to the original ex-
citement of which it was impossible to refer.

Every concomitant circumstance was suited to
produce the state of mind not inaptly termed
profound reverie—no sound was heard ex-
cept the soft and lulling hum of numberless
insects sporting in the air or among the her-
bage, and the slight rustling of the leaves oc-
casioned by a transitory breeze, not the less
delightful for its evanescence. The cattle
stood in groups under the shade of distant
trees, or wading lazily through the brook,
seemed anxious to prolong the enjoyment of
its refreshing coolness. Far in the distance
the hardy farmer could be seen, swinging his
keen edged scythe, with a perseverance which
appeared to bid defiance to the heat, and
seemed resolved to derive profit from the
cause that gave to others so much inconveni-
ence.

As I have stated, my ideas were too nume-
rous and fleeting to be recollected; my mind
ranged through the past and future, with-
out aim or object, and presented me with the
melancholy picture of departed joys or con-
tingent sorrows. How long I should have con-
tinued thus indulging fancy in her "not
reign," I know not, if my eye had not acciden-
tally fallen on the word *omigron*, which stood
as the head of a page in my book. This gave
a decided turn to my thoughts, and excited
the following reflections, which as they made
a strong impression on me, I have been able
to transcribe them for such of my readers as
have leisure enough to peruse and profit by
them.

How I hide thee from me!
Thou wouldst not, and brother of peace!
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room, and, on the contrary, the cold air of the
other room being heavier, will pass into the
former, through the lower part of the open-
ing; accordingly, it will be found, that by
applying a lighted candle to the top, the middle,
and at the lower part of the opening between
the rooms, a strong current of air will appear
to pass from the hot into the cold room, near
the top; a contrary current of air will appear
to pass from the latter, into the former, near
the lower part, while in the middle there is
little or no motion at all, as may be clearly
perceived by the flame of the candle. It is
for the same reason, that when a fire is lighted
in the chimney, a strong current of air is un-
derstand to enter the room, which may be felt
by applying the hand to the top of the chimney,
or other small openings, if the doors and win-
dows are shut; for the air over the fire be-
ing heated, becomes lighter, and ascends into
the chimney; consequently other colder
air must supply its place, which flows in way
through all the small openings. When a room
with a fire in it, is to be perfectly closed, en-
tering the chimney, the air in it would soon
become unwholesome for respiration, and the

PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION
 On 72 Market Street, a New South Wales
 to Wednesday and Thursday mornings, at 10 o'clock
 precisely, on a ready
 A large and valuable assortment of fresh imported
 50% MERINO, to suit the requirements
 Also, a good assortment of MILLINERY Goods
COMPTON & TAYLOR, Auctioneers.

BY drawn off, he, be calling at this office, can reach
with a person that will attend to it in a moderate tim-
e and if desired, will devote a portion of every
day to their books.

BOARDING.

A FEW Boarders can be well accommodated, at a re-
spectable and central situation, either with persons
or by themselves, and on moderate terms, by residing
at this office.

IF JOHN REYNOLDS,

OF Ireland, who left New York some time during the
year 1849 or 10 will favor him and his address to Richard

Philadelpha Floating Baths.

THE above Establishment is now open for the season at the Company's upper Market street where every attention begins to render it pleasant and healthy will be used to his satisfaction.

WILLIAM J. GIBSON, Manager

The following rates are established for the season, viz:
Family Ticket, for the season \$10
Single Tickets for guests provided for the season.
Bathing Tickets for guests provided for the season.
Daily Tickets for guests provided for the season.
Daily Tickets for guests provided for the season.
Daily Tickets for guests provided for the season.
Daily Tickets for guests provided for the season.

MUSICAL TIME PIECE.

July 1st -
No. 103 South Second Street,
UNION CANAL LOTTERY,
ONLY NINE DOLLARS,
AND SHARES IN PROPORTION, FOR SALE AT
EVANS'
Washington Lottery Office.

To be drawn this Month.

THE WHOLE IN ONE DAY,
By the improved mode of drawing, warranted by Letters
Patent under the Seal of the United States,
Grand State Lottery
OF MARYLAND—No. 5.
The whole to be completed in One Day,

HIGHEST PRIZE 40,000.
SPLENDID SCHEME.
1 Prize of \$40,000 is 40,000 Dollars.
1 Prize of 10,000 is 10,000 Dollars.

1 Prize of	\$ 500	is	\$ 500 Dollars.
10 Prizes of	1,000	is	10,000 Dollars.
50 Prizes of	100	is	5,000 Dollars.
50 Prizes of	50	is	2,500 Dollars.
500 Prizes of	20	is	10,000 Dollars.
250 Prizes of	10	is	2,500 Dollars.
500 Prizes of	5	is	2,500 Dollars.

90,000 Prizes of	4 is	30,000 Dollars.
91,043 Prizes.		160,000 Dollars.
40,000 Tickets		
<i>Not One Blank to a Prize.</i>		

The Refinement of this scheme is **ALTOGETHER UNPRECEDENTED**. Advertisers will remark the low rate of tickets—the trifling risk incurred, (there not being one high to a prize) and that the capital prize of **FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS**, is of a magnitude hitherto unprecedented for so small a sum invested—above all, however, is the **CERTAINTY OF OBTAINING AT LEAST ONE PRIZE** by the purchase of two

tickets or two shaves—(one odd and one even number) and in the same ratio of certainty in the purchase, of a greater number of tickets or shaves.

Whole Tickets,	25
Halves,	3 25
Quarters,	1 75
Eighths,	62

To be had, in the greatest variety of Numbers, (Odd and

COHEN'S
*Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 114, Market-
street - Baltimore.*

Where in the four last State Lotteries, were sold the
Great Capitals of 100,000 Dollars—50,000 Dollars—25 of
10,000—5 of 10,000, besides on less than 1 twelve Can take of

Orders from any part of the United States or Territories, excluding the Cash or prizes in any of the Lotteries (post paid) will meet our accustomed prompt attention.— Address to
J. I. COHEN, Jr.—*Baltimore.*

If Advertisers at a distance may at all times with
 confidence forward their Remittances to COHEN'S
 OFFICE, for if the Scheme should be drawn when the
 Order arrives, the amount enclosed will be returned by
 the first mail, or will be invested in the most advisable
 Scheme, next to be drawn.

Baltimore, July 4, 1835.

TO MANUFACTURERS.
MACHINE CARDS.
THE Subscribers having the Agency of the follow-
ing Manufactures, will receive orders for Machine
Cards, and have them delivered in this city free of ex-
ceptional risk. From either Isaac Southgate, Henry Bur-

ant, Horace Smith, Alpheus Smith, James & John A. Smith, Jones & Wood, Niles Earle, or Phay Earle,—they have constantly on hand, a large assortment of **FILE** and **SHEET CARDS**, not obtaining they could suit up orders for immediate demand, at reduced prices. They also continue to keep Whittemore's, Smith's, Sargent's, Southgate's and Earle's **HAND CARDS**, both *Latin and Greek*, at manufacturer's prices.

EXCURSION TO BRISTOL.

JOHN BESSONETT.
N.B.—The Steam Boat Trenton leaves the wharf at the lower or south side of Market street, at 8 o'clock.

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP,
FOR Punch, Lemonade, and other domestic purposes.
This Syrup is of a most agreeable Flavour, warrant-
ed to keep for any length of time, and made particularly
Pure for Family use. Sold wholesale and retail by

J. UNDERWOOD,
No. 7 South Sixth street, between
Chestnut and Market.
April 16—6m

NEW GOODS,
At the Old Establishment, No. 112 Market street,
Philadelphia, where may be had at retail or wholesale

C. B. Thompson, whose name is well known as a planter,
 Cuthberts and Parsons, of the most approved fashions,
 wholesale and retail, of warranted workmanship. Those
 send a postal note to repair one year gratis.
 Cut Whole Bone, of all kinds kept as usual.
 S. B. Wanted—as apprentice to the above business,
 may 21—41* NORTHEAST SLEEPER.

AT KIMBERTON.
ELMOR KIMBER informs his friends and the public, that **JOHN BUCHANAN, A. B.** has taken charge of the Classical Department in the Haverhill School under his superintendence. - Samuel B. Wyman, of Philadelphia, who examined J. B. gave him satisfactory recommendations, stating that he believes

to be not competent to teach the Latin and French Language." Twenty-three Boarders are at the school, and there are accommodations for as many more. Parents who have applied, and others who intend to send their children, are respectfully requested to enter them early, that they may take their places in their respective classes as formed. 2 May 7-27

ST. LEROUX,
DYER AND SCOURER,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he still
continues to carry on the Dying and Scouring, in
all its various branches, No. 23 March street, above
Lane, North side, between Third and Fourth streets,
Philadelphia, where he Dyes all kinds of Cloth, Silk,
Wool, &c. Woodlark Wharfed, London, &c. &c. &c.

...to either in Flats, or male up, all sorts of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dresses, Shawls, and in various colours, according to the patterns given; also Acquiring of Tents, Vests and Fur-cloaks. He informs the Cotton Manufacturers, that he is prepared to Buy Cotton Yarns, of all kinds, in fancy colours. All who feel disposed to have Dying and Acquiring done, may rest assured that it will be executed in the best manner, and with despatch.

49-11-11

VOL. I
TERMS—